

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

I. M. RICE EDITOR

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The Loup Valley Hereford Ranch.



No stock for sale at present. Ranch four miles north-west of Brownlee, Nebr.

MILL PRICES FOR FEED.

Bran, bulk.....	75 per cwt	\$14.00	ton
Shorts bulk.....	85 per cwt	\$16.00	ton
Screenings.....	70c	\$13.00	"
Chop Feed.....	1.05	\$20.00	"
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Chop corn.....	1.00	\$19.00	"
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DR. J. E. SNYDER, OSTEOPATH.

Office over T. C. Hornby's store by the south stairway. Chronic cases a specialty.

Hours: 9 to 12 A. M. 2 to 4 P. M.

John Nicholson, Dentist.

Will be in Valentine on the 20, 21, 22 and 23rd of each month. Reserve your work for him. Office at Donohoe House.

ETTA BROWN SUPT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Examination Third Saturday of each month and Friday preceding.

VALENTINE NEBRASKA

H. DAILEY, Dentist.

Office over the grocery department of T. C. Hornby's store. Will be in Rosebud agency July 3rd, Oct. 2nd and Jan. 1, 1904.

HENRY AUGUSTON Blacksmith

Brownlee, Nebr. Does general blacksmithing at hard times prices for cash.

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Valentine, Nebr. Practices in District Court and U. S. Land Office. Real Estate and Ranch Property bought and sold. Roadside Abstracter.

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Doctors find A good prescription For mankind The 5-cent package is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a ply for a year. All druggists sell them.

BIRMINGHAM PICTURES.

They Were Mere Paper, but They Subdued the Artist Turner.

Turner, the great landscape painter, was a curious mixture of parsimony and generosity, determined money grubbing and unreckoning devotion to his art. He would drive a hard bargain one day and the next refuse to sell at any price. Intending purchasers were sometimes excluded from his gallery, and the refusal of admission was communicated in anything but a polite manner.

Mr. Gillott, the wealthy pen manufacturer of Birmingham, once proved himself equal to the task of storming the castle in the teeth of the gruff artist and his doorkeeper and achieving a bargain. A book on Turner gives the story.

Mr. Gillott was met at the door of Turner's house by an old woman, who opened the door and asked the gentleman's business.

"Can't let 'e in," she snapped out, when he told her, and tried to slam the door.

But Mr. Gillott had put his foot inside the door and without waiting for permission pushed past the enraged janitress and hurried upstairs to the gallery. Turner met him like a spider whose web has been invaded. The intruder introduced himself and said that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell!" was the answer.

"Have you seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visitor, as calmly as if he had been received as a gentleman should be.

"Never heard of 'em," said Turner.

Mr. Gillott took from his pocket some Birmingham bank notes.

"Mere paper," remarked Turner, who evidently enjoyed the joke.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," said the visitor, waving his hand to indicate the paintings on the wall. His tone—perhaps also the sight of the "mere paper"—conquered Turner, and when the visitor departed he had bargained for several valuable pictures.

THE MISSING FOWL.

An Experience With an Absent-minded English Artist.

Wills invited me to dinner one afternoon when I met him in the Strand. I accepted, reminding him that as he was absent-minded he had better make a note of the evening. As he had no paper in his pocket he wrote the date on his shirt cuff. When the appointed evening arrived I went to his studio. The door was opened by Wills, and I could see that he had forgotten all about the appointment. "Ah, old fellow," he exclaimed, "do not be too hard on me. The cuff went to the wash, and the date with it. But there is a fowl in the pot boiling here," continued Mr. Wills. "Just come in and wait a few minutes."

I had my misgivings, but walked inside and sat down upon the only chair not crowded with paint, brushes and palettes. After waiting for about twenty minutes, feeling decidedly hungry, I groaned. This had the effect of reminding Wills that I was present. He exclaimed in a dreamy voice, "The fowl must be boiled by this time," and coming forward he lifted the lid of the pot and peered inside. "It is very odd," he remarked, "but I cannot see the fowl. Extraordinary! No one has been here, so the bird cannot have been stolen."

Well, the long and short of it is that a week or two later I called again at the studio, noticed a peculiar odor and discovered the old fowl wrapped up in a piece of brown paper. "Ah!" said Wills, "now I know how it all happened. When the fowl was brought in there came a smart visitor—Lady G.—about sittings for her portrait. I must have thrown the fowl behind a canvas and forgotten all about it. But now, old fellow, do shut up!"—London Mail.

The Parsee.

The Parsee, untrammelled by his surroundings, is seen in Bombay in all his wealth of height and dress. The men are, without exception, tall, finely formed and stately and possess a robustness and beauty quite at contrast with their Hindoo neighbors.

Their street costume is a peculiar long white cotton gown, wide trousers of the same material and color and a tall miter shaped hat. They have a general reputation for sobriety, frugality and sagacity, and they seem to thoroughly understand the accumulation of fortunes, in this respect resembling the Hebrews. The wealthiest residents of Bombay are Parsees.

Where Cobras Are Held to Be Sacred.

The Hindoos on account of their superstition are very loath to destroy a cobra. It appears prominently in their mythology, and it is venerated both as a symbol of a malicious and destructive power and also a beneficent one. According to Mr. A. K. Forbes, cobras are looked upon as guardian angels, and there is a Bengalese tradition that a male infant auspiciously shaded by a cobra will come to the throne.

Hard Work.

Mrs. A.—I'm surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do?
Mrs. B.—The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of 1,000 years.

Easy to Meet.

"Have you any trouble in meeting your creditors, old chap?"
"No difficulty whatever. I meet 'em everywhere, old boy."

Noncommittal.

Judge—What is your age, madam?
Witness—I'm at least five years younger than the neighbors think me.—Philadelphia Press.

MADE TO STAND PULLING.

The Great Tensile Strength of the Government's Paper Money.

"The way some cashiers pay out small bills in exchange for large ones must make other men as tired as it wears me," remarked an observing business man to another Washingtonian as they watched the cashier of a fashionable uptown cafe pull at and strip the ones and twos in exchange for a ten as though he were pulling a piece of molasses candy over a hook and hated to let go.

"It does," acquiesced his friend, who happened to be a United States treasury expert. "The way some cashiers jerk, snap and pull at bills as they pay them out is utterly absurd. The old adage about pinching a silver dollar until the eagle screams pales before the way the up to date flip cashier jerks the long green he handles."

"In this connection I will give you a fact that is not generally known, and that is the weight a new treasury single note, and four notes in a sheet, will sustain without breaking. The figures may be accepted as official and accurate."

"A single treasury note measures 3 3/4 inches wide by 7 1/4 inches long and will suspend 41 pounds lengthwise and 91 pounds crosswise. Notes are printed four to a sheet. A sheet will suspend 108 pounds lengthwise and 177 pounds crosswise."

"The remarkable strength of a United States treasury note may thus be seen at a glance, and I venture to say that not one person in a million would have guessed the great tenacity of the paper which, when properly printed and stamped, becomes good money."

The cashier had interestingly listened to the treasury expert's explanation of the weight sustaining and necessarily resisting power of wear and tear of our paper money, and then he said:

"You see, it is this way: Bills stick together, see, and we cashiers have to make up any shortage out of our own pockets, and that's one reason why we snap and jerk the bills so hard, so we will not pay out two for one, as might be done. Again, a two dollar bill is frequently mistaken for a five, and vice versa, and by counting out our money as if it were drops of our lifeblood we are less liable to pass out one for the other."—Washington Star.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Ambitious people must always be disappointed people.—"Fame For a Woman."

The best kind of courage often comes from a full stomach.—"Captain Macklin."

Love is like honey—it must be taken by sips. One must not swim in it.—"The Pharaoh and the Priest."

The man who is weakened in well doing by the ingratitude of others is serving God on a salary basis.—"The Power of Truth."

Nine times out of ten a woman falls through love, and she must be reached by love if she is to be restored.—"Down In Water Street."

Don't call yourself a friend and be thinking all the time what the other side of the friendship can do for you.—"Aunt Abby's Neighbors."

Philosophy is primarily a matter of food; secondarily, a matter of clothes; it does not concern the head at all.—"Two Thousand Miles on an Automobile."

Half the trouble of this troubled world comes from the fact that, for one reason or another, women are not able to look up to the men with whom they have dealings.—"The Vultures."

A Couple of Inscriptions.

"I was in New York one day and took a trip down to Coney Island," said the agent of a Pittsburg mail mill. "I had heard of the slick fellows down there, and so I left my watch at home and carried a dummy across which I pasted a slip of paper bearing the words, 'Look inside for a fool.' I hadn't got the salt taste of the ocean yet when the watch disappeared, and it was three hours later, as I sat in a booth drinking beer, when I felt that watch in a side pocket of my coat. I pulled it out in amazement, and I found my slip of paper replaced by one bearing the words, 'Look outside for an ass.' It may be that I got the bulge on the gang, but somehow I have always thought that they came out a trifle ahead—just a trifle."

Barbering Used to Be an Art.

Time was when barbering was a way up art. In ancient times barbers were surgeons, the only persons who could scientifically "let blood." In London there is still a barber surgeon class. They possess a cap given the guild by Charles I. Around the barber's pole still twines the snake, the subtlest beast of the field, a survival of the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness, the symbol of the healing art.

Not Concerned.

"Why don't you try to hand an honored name down to posterity?"
"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "Maybe I don't look far enough ahead. So long as my signature is honored at the bank I can't see that my credit with posterity makes much difference."—Washington Star.

Cynical.

Inquiring Young Man—When a person says something nice about another, why is he said to "pay" a compliment?
Crazy Old Man—Because he expects to get something for it.

There Are Others.

Old Emcee—Well, how do you like your profession?
Young Emcee—Profession is O. K. It's the practice I'm kicking about.—Town and Country.

Wedding Bells

Married at the home of the bride's parents in this city July 22, 1903, Lieut. Harry R. Parshal and Miss Jessie Webb, Rev. Father Muysen officiating.

This was one of the prettiest weddings of the season. Just at 8 o'clock the bridal party entered the parlor to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, played by Miss Maggie Steele. The party was led by Miss Frances May, first bridesmaid, followed by Miss Grace Bonnell, Miss May Davenport and Miss Lou Webb maid of honor, and lastly the bride walking alone. The groom met his bride under a canopy of stars and stripes where the vows were taken which united them for life.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of the bride's family and the following guests: Mrs. Chas. May and daughters, Frances and Etta of Fremont, Miss Maud May of Fremont, Dr. E. S. Furay, A. E. Thacher, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Miss Grace Bonnell and Miss Mae Davenport of Valentine, Lieut. Donald of Ft. Niobrara, and H. Stees of Minneapolis.

The bride was dressed in white silk chiffon over white taffeta trimmed with white applique and panne velvet and carried brides roses. Maid of honor, Miss Lou Webb wore white opera batiste with red roses, Miss Frances May first bride's maid, blue silk veil, tucked, with lace and ribbon trimmings, and carried white roses, Miss Grace Bonnell pink silk chiffon over white taffeta with lace medallions, carried pink roses, and Miss Mae Davenport in white point DeEspritte with satin ribbons carried red roses. The mother of the bride wore a costume of black lace over black taffeta and carried dark red roses. The groom was attired in the full dress uniform of his rank as was also the best man, Lieut. Donald of Fort Niobrara. The decorations in the parlor composed of the stars and stripes festooned with smilax and banked with ferns and palms were beautiful and suggestive. Cut flowers roses and sweet peas were every where present.

At 9 o'clock the doors were thrown open and a reception given in which the bride's mother assisted by Mrs. Jackson received the many friends who came to offer congratulations to the newly wedded pair, after which the guests entered the dining room under an arch of flags where refreshments were served, the bride cutting the the bride's cake with her husband's sword. The compliment was returned by the other cakes being cut by Lieut. Donald.

The following is a partial list of the presents received by the bride:

A beautiful hand painted china bonbon dish, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds of Fremont; set of silver tea spoons, C. H. May and family; silver crumb tray, Jos. May of Fremont; silver butter knife, Mr. and Mrs. Savage; silver salad fork, Mrs. Frank Fischer; silver tray, C. H. Cornell and wife; clock, W. E. Haley and wife; mirror, E. S. Furay; hand painted pitcher, Miss Etta Brown; set of olive forks, Lieut. Donald; chaffing dish, H. Stees; cut glass olive dish, Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Nicholson; cut glass olive dish, the Misses Beckman of Omaha; cut glass creamer and sugar bowl, parents of bride; cut glass creamer and sugar bowl A. E. Thacher; cut glass rose bowl, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis; cut glass olive dish, Grace Bonnell and Alf Lewis; cut glass celery dish, Mrs. E. Davenport and family; cut glass water pitcher, Mrs. I. V. Hickox of Fremont; cut glass bonbon dish Mrs. May Althen of Kan. City.
Mr. Parshal is Lieut. of Co. B, 22nd Infantry, U. S. A., which was at one time stationed at Fort Niobrara but is now at Ft. Logan H. Roots, Ark.

Miss Webb is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Webb proprietors of the Donohoe hotel. Both have many warm friends in Valentine who wish them heavens choicest blessings while they fight life's battles together.

Mr. and Mrs. Parshal left on

the 5 o'clock train this morning for St. Paul on a tour of the lakes after which they will be at home at Ft. Logan H. Roots, Ark.

THE DEMOCRAT extends congratulations.

Business Notices.

Notices under this heading 5 cents per line each insertion. Among reading matter, 10 cents per line each insertion.

All kinds of heavy hardware and wagon wood stock at E. Breuklanders. 20-1f

Go to the Red Front Merc. Co. for all kinds of heavy and shelf Hardware. 27

Wanted to Contract

800 acres of valley hay, put up two miles west of Georgia.

FRANK ROTHLEUTNER, 22 tf Kilgore, Nebr.

LOST!

One brown yearling horse colt branded, on left hip.

12 D. STINARD, Valentine, Nebr.

Wanted to Contract

Hay, either cutting or stacking or both, in lots to suit. Address, METZGAR BROS, Gregory, Nebr. 23 4

"Imperial" Castor Machine Oil, the best on earth. Sold by the Red Front Merc. Co. 27

Estrayed

One sorrel horse branded knife on left shoulder; also one blue horse branded I D, 1015 and knife right side. Address, HENRY KNIFE, 25 Rosebud, S. D.

Genuine home made Lard at the new Butcher Shop. 26

For your Barb Wire, Field Fencing and Poultry Netting go to the Red Front Merc. Co., hardware department. 27

Wanted to contract 1000 tons of hay cut and stacked.

W. G. BALLARD, 16 Woodlake, Nebr.

Estrayed:

Strayed from my ranch after April 15, 1903 four head of horses. One grey mare, one chestnut sorrel with bald face, one brown mare heavy with foal, all branded 16 and cockeye on left shoulder. One black face bay 2 year old stallion branded on left hip.

N. S. ROWLEY, 22 Kennedy, Nebr.

RANCH FOR SALE.

6 quarter sections of Deeded land and some school land. Range for 200 head of stock and is the best range now vacant. 200 tons of hay can be cut on this ranch and there is a good house, corrals, cattle sheds stable, two windmills with never failing wells and stock tanks. Also open water on a part of the range the year round. \$4,000 will buy it. Call at this office or write I. M. RICE, Valentine, Nebr.

TIME TABLE Great Northern Line at O'Neill, Nebr.

Going East, Leaves 10:10 a. m. Passenger, daily except Sunday. Connections with Elkhorn trains east and west bound from all points west of O'Neill. Shortest route to Sioux City and beyond. Through connections for Sioux Falls, Minneapolis, St. Paul and all points north and west. Buy local tickets to O'Neill. FRED ROGERS, G. P. A. Sioux City, Iowa

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Better figure on spending your vacation at Lake Minnetonka, White Bear or some other Summer Resort in Minnesota or North Wisconsin. Ask any Agent Northwestern Line for particulars, or address

J. A. KUHN, A. G. F. & P. A., Omaha, Nebr.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

Only Double Track

Railroad between Missouri River and Chicago. Direct line to St. Paul-Minneapolis. Direct line to Black Hills. Apply to nearest agent for rates maps and time cards.

TIME TABLE

WEST BOUND	No. 27 Frt. Daily	2:33 P. M.
	No. 25 " except Sunday	9:40 A. M.
	No. 3 Passenger Daily	12:49 A. M.
EAST BOUND	No. 28 Frt. Daily	6:50 A. M.
	No. 26 " except Sunday	5:00 P. M.
	No. 4 Passenger Daily	4:47 A. M.

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First class meals at all hours, day and night. Oysters in season. Pies, cakes, doughnuts always on hand.

E. D. Cohota, Prop.

Special Reduced Excursion Rates.

Will be in effect from all points on the Chicago & North-Western Railway for the occasions named below:

- Boston, July 6th to 10th, National Educational Association.
- Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 7th to 10th, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.
- Denver, July 9th to 13th, United Christian Endeavor.
- Detroit, Mich., July 16th to 19th, Epworth League.
- Baltimore, Md., July 21st to 23rd, B. P. O. E.
- San Francisco, August 17th to 22nd, G. A. R. meeting.
- Baltimore, Md., Sept. 21st to 25th, Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.

For information as to rates, dates of sale, etc. of these or other occasions, call upon the ticket agent of the North-Western Line.

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Stock and poultry have few troubles which are not bowel and liver irregularities. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is a bowel and liver remedy for stock. It puts the organs of digestion in a perfect condition. Prominent American breeders and farmers keep their herds and flocks healthy by giving them an occasional dose of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine in their food. Any stock raiser may buy a 25-cent half-pound air-tight can of this medicine from his dealer and keep his stock in vigorous health for weeks. Dealers generally keep Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine. If yours does not, send 25 cents for a sample can to the manufacturers, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROCHESTER, GA., Jan. 20, 1902. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is the best I ever tried. Our stock was looking bad when you sent me the medicine and now they are getting so fine. They are looking 25 per cent better. S. P. BROCKINGTON.

For all kinds of Undertaking Goods and Undertaking work call on the Red Front Merc Co. 27